

sending me that cake, Julia. I understood it to mean that you wished to be friends again, and were willing to forget that foolish old quarrel of ours, which I have so deeply repented."

Mrs. Wood knew there was a mistake somewhere, but it didn't matter. She held out her hands warmly to Marian, and they kissed each other tenderly.

When Prissy came home, her mother told her that the new minister's wife had never received the cake which had been so painstakingly made for her. Whether it was Prissy's mistake or the mistake of the little boy who sat at the next desk, I don't know and nobody else knows. The manse was the third house on the right-hand side. The house on the left-hand side had just been rented for the summer by Mr. and Mrs. Stanleigh. And Mrs. Stanleigh had been Priscilla Marian Gray before her marriage.

"We were very dear friends, Prissy," said Mrs. Wood. "You were named for her. But we had a foolish, bitter quarrel some years ago, and have been estranged ever since. I missed her greatly, but our pride has kept us from seeking reconciliation. We have forgiven each other now; and all is well again, thanks to you, you blessed little blunderer."

But there are three things about this story that three people never knew:

Mrs. Stanley, the new minister's wife, never knew how narrowly she missed having a cake for her first Sunday tea.

Mrs. Stanleigh, of the third house on the left-hand side, never knew that the cake she had received was meant for somebody else.

And Prissy never knew that she had iced that cake with salaratus!—L. M. Hontgomery, in the Congregationalist.

THE LARGEST HATS IN THE WORLD.

What would you think of a hat that was so large it would safely shelter your father, mother, sisters and yourself under it, should a sudden rainstorm come up? The men of Korea like these enormous hats and would not feel properly dressed without them. These hats look like great flower pots set on a round table six feet across. The crowns are nine feet in height and three inches wide, much like a chimney on a one-story house. How do you suppose these large, round head coverings are kept on? Under the brim is a small, close-fitting cap, held on by a padded string which ties under the ears. The material of these hats is bamboo so finely split that they are like thread; and lastly, they are varnished to keep out the sun, the rain and the wind.

You know that the Korean people always wear cotton clothing; so these big hats protect them far more than our hats possibly could do. In the rainy season a cone of oiled paper is attached to the big bamboo head coverings in the shape of a funnel, so I suppose that the rain pours off of them just as water does off a duck's back. A Korean keeps his hat on when we should take it off. Soldiers wear black or brown felt hats decorated with red horse hair or peacock feathers, and hanging from the sides, over the ears and around their necks are oval balls of porcelain, amber and a queer kind of gum.—Anna E. Jacobs, in Sunbeam.

NOT QUITE TALL ENOUGH.

A friend showed us this morning a picture taken on the coast of Holland of a company of women and children with their wooden shoes and peculiar bonnets with the little gold balls fastened upon them.

As all our readers know, a great part of Holland would be under water but for the vast dikes or embankments which the Dutch have built to keep out the ocean.

It reminds us of an interesting story, how Frederick the Great was anxious to conquer Holland and make it part of his possessions; so one day he invited the Dutch ambassador to witness a review of his army, and after one large body of troops had marched by he said to the Dutch ambassador, "What do you think of those men?"

"Good soldiers," replied the ambassador, "but not tall enough."

Another large body of troops passed by and Frederick again asked, "What do you think of those men?" and received the same reply, "Good soldiers, but not tall enough."

Then came Frederick's great bodyguard, composed of giants, which the king had brought together from all parts of his kingdom, and with a triumphant air the king asked the ambassador, "What do you think of those men?" and again the ambassador made the same reply, "Not tall enough."

"What do you mean?" said Frederick.

"I mean," said the ambassador, "that we can flood Holland eight feet deep."

The king concluded not to attempt the conquest of a country which could be flooded eight feet deep.—Geo. T. Angell, Apples of Gold.

THE THINGS AT HOME.

All up and down the land I go
With mother, making calls,
And sit in chairs so much too high
In strange and different halls,
And can not think of things to say,
And feel so pleased to start away.

But when we come to home again,
I'm glad as glad can be
To see the very oldest toys
All waiting there for me—
The horse with missing tail, the blocks,
And all the soldiers in their box,

The wagon with the broken shaft,
The doll that will not talk,
The little duck that ran so fast,
And now can't even walk.
They all are friends so tried and true
Because of what they used to do.

And every day when I'm away
I know they miss me so.
I never ought to leave them once—
They're sensitive, you know—
And just to comfort them a mite
I take them all to bed at night.

—The Youth's Companion.